

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

The Paper Has Done Things

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JUNE 5, 1916.

THE THIRD PARTY.

There used to be a feeling that in a strike there were only two parties concerned, the employers and the employees. Each thought the other in the wrong and believed in stubbornly contesting the issue with no thought for consequences outside the group immediately affected. But a new attitude is now arising. This concerns itself with the public, which, no matter which of the two opposing sides is victorious, always loses and always suffers from the strike.

A manifesto recently issued upon the garment workers' lockout in New York indicates this plainly. It discusses the "public interests involved" and declares them of superior moment even than those of the workers, who, in this case of broken agreement, have been manifestly treated unjustly.

There ought to be some means of obviating these interruptions to productive activity. Everybody suffers from them, and the intelligence of America ought to arrange some less costly method of securing the rights of labor.

STANDARDIZING CLOTHES.

That the women of America shall standardize their street dress was proposed and discussed as a serious measure in the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The arguments were all favorable.

Miss Helen L. Johnson of Chicago, chairman of the committee on dress, stated that after studying the matter for years, she had become convinced that a standardized street dress for women, corresponding to the sack suit of the men, would not only make the American woman more dignified in dress and deportment but would cut her dressmaking bills in two.

Mrs. Thomas Edison and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette also spoke for a conventional standard.

Usually when any such reform has come into discussion, the manufacturers of women's wear have been against it. This time, says Miss Johnson, she consulted many and all were in favor of the plan. The fact is that although the woman would spend far less for her street clothes, the manufacturer would not lose. At present by far the greatest expense connected with the making of clothing is the mad search for novelty—the greatest loss is from styles which do not "take." All this excess work, worry and loss would be eliminated. Makers of men's wear find no difficulty in showing a profit.

The fact that a standardized costume had been adopted would not bar out individuality. In fact, with the element of kaleidoscopic style taken away, a woman would have far more chance to exercise her own taste in color, fabric and adaptation to her own person than is now the case. And the manufacturer, like any craftsman who is worth his salt, would rather use his skill in making garments of good texture and durable quality than in turning out the shoddy, hastily-made stuff which covers half the women on the street today.

Any demand which requires artificial stimulation is also artificial in its profits. A steady demand through the year for a staple line of suits would remove most of the difficulties which turn the manufacturer's hair gray, would stabilize the earnings of the garment workers, would make life easier for the women who buy and wear the clothes, and would fill our streets with women clothed with richness and dignity.

A GREAT LABOR CONFERENCE.

The conference of railroad representatives and railroad employees now in progress is something unique in the history of labor disputes. There are vast issues at stake. The four great railroad brotherhoods are demanding a basic eight-hour working day, with time and a half for over-time, and certain other concessions. The transportation lines say that to grant those demands would mean an additional outlay of \$100,000,000 a year. There are involved 350,000 employees, earning \$1,375,000,000 a year, and 250 railroads operating 250,000 miles of track, with a gross business of more than \$2,000,000,000 a year.

Neither side wants a strike. Neither side wants arbitration, except as a last resort. The two parties are trying to settle the matter between themselves. And they have made ready for the tug of war on an unparalleled scale.

A committee representing all the railroads in the country has prepared elaborate documents and exhibits covering every phase of the dispute and every question that is likely to arise. Against the wits and evidence of this committee are matched the best brains of the railroad unions, with similar exhibits. There are 800 representatives of the unions from all over the country held in readiness to give expert testimony in behalf of the brotherhoods regarding any point that may be raised. Both sides hope that the whole controversy will be threshed out and settled for good before the conference adjourns.

This looks like an ideal way to go about the settlement of a labor dispute. The proceeding, will be watched and the outcome awaited with unusual interest.

not merely because of the practical importance of the result to the whole nation, but because of the admirable precedent that will be established if the conference fulfills its purpose.

MILITARY AVIATION.

A year or two ago the sum appropriated for aviation in the national defense bills would have seemed liberal. Today it seems parsimonious, in view of the tremendous part that aerial espionage has come to play in warfare.

Last week a squad of Canadian aviation students training at Newport News received a cablegram from Lord Kitchener, saying "One aviator is worth an army corps." That is the judgment of the commander-in-chief of an army of 5,000,000 men. It is possible that the lord high admiral of the British navy, if he were to express himself on the same subject, would pronounce a skilled aviator equal to a battleship, so important has the trained aerial become in naval operations.

The deficiency of this branch of our military establishment has been clearly shown in Mexico. The troops have been obliged to fumble their way through Chihuahua, instead of striking swiftly and surely at the fleeing bandits, simply because they lacked a large, properly equipped aeroplane service. Aviators are now needed along the border far more than soldiers, and powerful aeroplanes more than motor trucks.

In the warfare of today half the battle consists in knowing where the enemy is and how he is disposed. It is the aviator's job to find out. And when the battle starts, the aviator is invaluable, for without him, the long-range artillery is blind and helpless.

This country, which created the art of flying, has been outdistanced by all the belligerents. It is time to recover our lost laurels. Whether our army and navy are large or small, they should have an aviation service equal in efficiency to any in the world. And no such result may be expected from the expenditure for aviation purposes of less than one per cent of the total naval appropriation.

ENLIGHTENING THE GODDESS.

It is an appropriate thing that the famous statue of liberty, which for these many years has been "enlightening the world" in New York harbor, is now to be enlightened itself. The proposal, sanctioned by the United States senate, to raise a public fund for the proper illumination of the statue at night, should receive liberal support.

The sum needed is only \$50,000. It should be a simple matter to get this amount by public subscription. And the smaller the individual subscriptions and the larger the number of subscribers, the better. The pedestal, costing \$200,000, was paid for similarly by popular contributions. And the statue itself was presented to the United States literally by the poor people of France, who to the number of 400,000 contributed their francs and sous to show their appreciation of American democracy.

It is humiliating that the statue has had to wait so long for such natural embellishment as modern lighting facilities afford. New York has long had its "great white way." At night the theatrical district is ablaze with light. Millions of candle power are burned up in the flaunting liquor, cigar and patent medicine signs. And all the time the Goddess of Liberty out in the world's greatest harbor has been dark, save for a single light in her torch. That beautiful and inspiring statue ought to be at least as conspicuous as the whisky ads.

TOUGH ON A NEUTRAL.

Greece is between his Satanic Majesty and the deep blue sea, with a vengeance. Clinging desperately to the policy of strict neutrality, it has permitted its territory to be repeatedly violated by both the allies and the central powers.

The latest development, the surrender of some of its forts to the Bulgarians, without resistance, is the climax of a weak-kneed policy.

Greece bids fair to become a second Belgium, with the difference, that should it fail to participate actively in the conflict, it will hold the bag whichever side wins. But it faces an even more serious proposition, a revolution at home.

The result of the Bulgarian invasion can mean but one thing—a show-down between King Constantine, backed by his pro-German courtiers, and Venizelas, at the head of the Greek people. Whichever way the pendulum may swing, the handwriting on the wall tells plainly that Greece must soon get into the fight or forever forfeit its erstwhile proud position among the Balkan states and have inscribed upon the tomb of its national hopes and aspirations the words: "Died of aggravated neutrality."

JUST HIS TICKET.

A New York man, broke, and up against it, pawned his wife for \$34 to his landlord. Saving up that amount, he tried to redeem his spouse but lo! had lost the pawn ticket. Failing to find it, the courts were called upon to decide the question, ruling that upon payment of the \$34 and interest the pawn was entitled to his collateral back.

No, this is not intended as a suggestion to the unhappily mated, though any man might lose a pawn ticket.

WORSE THAN DANTE DREAMED.

The sorrows where the Austrians and Italians are battling so desperately at present are the region which Dante described in his hideous phantasm as the mouth of Inferno. As awful as was Dante's word picture of the jaws of hell, if he could look on the scene today, he would probably conclude that he mixed his colors entirely too tame.

The horrors of the fighting in this region "seamed with gorges cleft by an avalanche" are said to cause Verdun to look like a sham battle.

A party which is without a principle leans naturally toward a candidate who has not expressed himself on any question; or which is the logical equivalent, a candidate who has shouted for all sides of all questions for six years.

If it is unwise to swap horses while crossing a stream, wouldn't it be the height of folly to change mounts after the stream has been successfully forded and you are traveling comfortably upon the safe ground of prosperity?

News item from St. Louis convention: At this juncture General Prosperity seconded Woodrow Wilson's renomination with a rousing speech.

The republican idea of a presidential primary appears to be thereby to obtain a list of candidates whom the "Old Guard" is to blackball.

The South Bend cement men are good mixers, and display real American grit these trying times.

The Velvet Hammer

By Arthur Brooks Baker

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

The man whom our country's course may presently be steered. Conceals his plans and purposes behind a flowering beard. The foliage upon his face is grown with care and pains. Obscuring every process of his intellect and brains. The anxious politicians throng to vainly plead and ask. That Charles E. Hughes declare himself and shave away his mask.

Should Uncle Sam proceed in haste to get himself prepared. Or wait till Boston is besieged and Kokomo is scared? Should congress boost the tariff up or trim it down a hair? Should we persist in tracking Pancho Villa to his lair? Should we employ the heavy stick and gentle velvet voice. Or would reversal of this plan be far the wiser choice?

The bold and free expression of his hot and earnest views. Is not the thing that we expect from Mr. Justice Hughes. To get his statements into print he does not haste and hump. He calmly waits to see which way the thoughtful cat will jump. And when the nominations cinched beyond a time of doubt, There'll be sufficient time to let the Hughes opinions out.

So let him sit behind his beard in robes of awesome black. If nothing's hard to say, it's not so hard to take it back. Though hotheads and conservatives are merrily agreed. That Justice Hughes is not the kind of president we need. They think that he may stand them in a serviceable stead. By furnishing the club they want for Woodrow Wilson's head.

STATESMEN GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Secretary of State Lansing tells of once over-hearing this conversation between a man and his wife who were spending their vacation at a summer hotel. The wife wanted her husband to join her on some kind of afternoon excursion in which he was not interested.

"I'm afraid I can't go," he said. "I won't have the time."

"Time?" echoed the wife. "You haven't a thing in the world today."

"Haven't, eh?" came back the husband. "Well, I know one thing: I've got a whole lot of sitting around and resting to do."

Vice President Marshall while autoing in Maryland, near Washington, some time ago, stopped to watch a game of baseball between two teams of colored men. He would rather watch a game of that sort than a world's championship series.

One bunch of players, in this instance, were rather light in color, and the other were uncompromisingly dark. The umpire was a little short chap neither light nor dark. Along in the seventh inning there was a close decision at first base. The darker team declared that their man was safe and the lighter bunch were equally emphatic in expressing their belief that the runner was out. All surrounded the umpire and gesticulated excitedly, while awaiting for him to announce his decision. He was extremely deliberative about doing so. It was an extremely embarrassing position for an umpire.

Headline in the esteemed S. B. Tribune:

MARRIED 25 YEARS:
SURPRISED BY CLUB

And who'd a thunk it would be a surprise after so many years.

At a church in Burr Oak, Mich., they are going to sing a cantata, the label of which is: "The Man Who Stopped the Music." We can only say, "God bless that man and may he stop some of the music which muses in our neighborhood."

LOCAL LIGHT OCCUPATIONS. Watching the girls swing at Springbrook. Riding alone in the roller coaster at the same place.

THE FISHING SEASON.

(Philadelphia North American.) Every day is "fish day" with this bird. He has renounced diet of meat and vegetables forever. He has several cousins in the tropics who enjoy a meal of insects now and then. "But what's the use," says this bird, "of wasting time on bugs when a good-sized minnow is so much more filling and satisfying?" Yes, he's the king-fisher.

You'll never confuse him with another bird, because there is no other that resembles him. His gray color, with the white band across the breast, the crest on top of his head, make him look like a bushy-haired music teacher.

Then you'll never forget his cry—a coarse trill like a policeman's rattle—uttered just as he's making a dive for a fish, or when he's disturbed. Mrs. Kingfisher dies a hole in the side of a river bank to lay her eggs in.

Fishermen say that wherever the kingfisher is there are fish, so he acts as a guide for anglers.

Some of the women's clubs are doing great work. After ordering the groceryman to drive a mile with a half dozen eggs and a yeast cake, the members listen to papers showing that the increased cost of living is due to the war in Europe and the tariff.—Gary, Ind., Times.

THE MELTING POT

Filled Today by Stuart H. Carroll

THE ADVENTURERS.

The man of due virility, of blood alive and red, Is apt to get the notion in his fine, romantic head That life in city circles is distressingly jejune. He yearns to storm a castle, take a jump from a balloon, Decapitate a fellow-knight in tourney brave and bold Or swat a lion with his fist, as Samson did of old.

But he who goes the urban gait and throws the urban bluff Is proving that he's made of good and admirable stuff. For peril's always present in the market-place and street; The masser tramp their fellows down with metaphoric feet. And he who doesn't die beneath the hoofbeats of the rest May proudly arch his glossy neck and swell his noble chest.

So read me off no idle tale of hunting grizzly bears Or tracking testy tigers to their grim and ghastly lairs. The man who spears the dollar in the fracas at the mart Must have a clear and steady eye, a strong and warlike heart. Let braggers rope the Texas steer and tell the stirring tale; Our nerviest adventurers are lassoing the kale.

A. B. B.

SINCE THEY'VE RAISED THE PRICE OF SODAS.

O, the kids are all umbrageous. They are angry, sore and grieved. And they think it is outrageous. So they're virulent and peevish. They bedeck themselves in mourning. When they see the latest crime, Which is on this painted warning: "Ice Cream Sodas Cost a Dime."

AW SOMETHING'S ALWAYS GOIN' WRONG!



O, the war has caused the prices To jump madly out the sky; But the kids ne'er thought that ices Would be soaring up so high. And they wonder why the wherefore Of this foolish, frigid climb. And it makes them loudly swear. For "Ice Cream Sodas Cost a Dime."



LIFE'S LITTLE STOPPERS.

Punctures. Free Lunch. Pretty Girls. Water Plugs. Crossing Cops. Vacant Bananas. Telephone Posts. Slippery Sidewalks.

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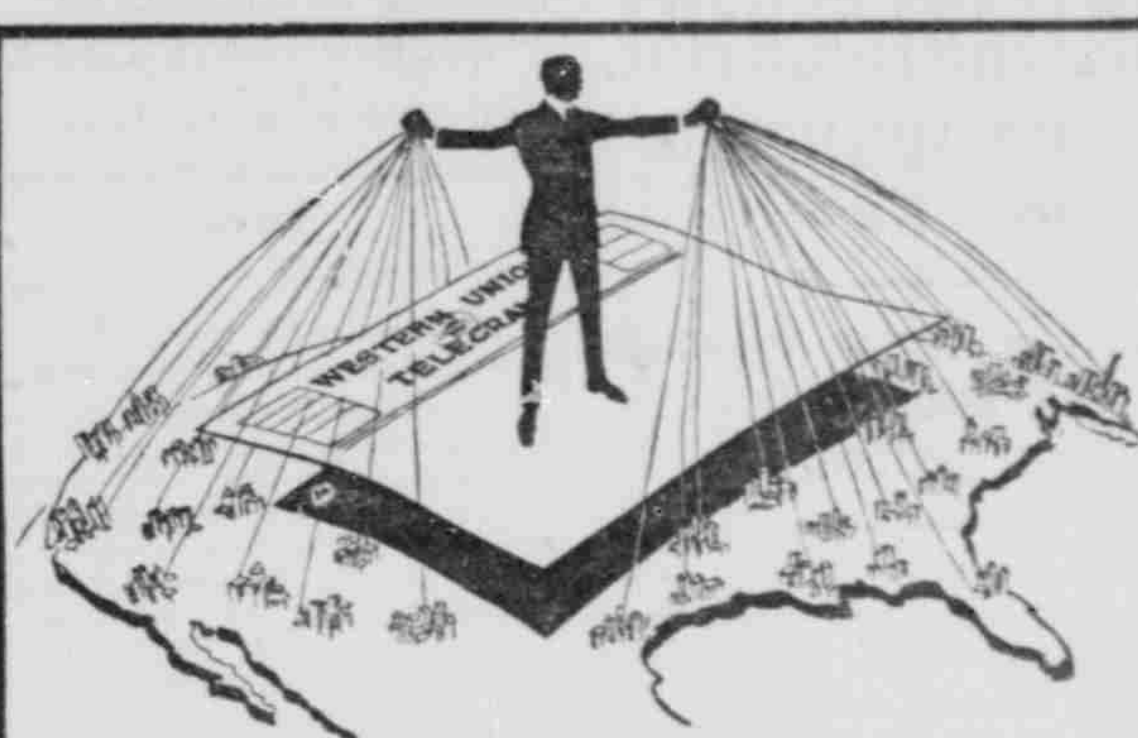
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